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BAUM'S

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HOW TO USE THE CONVENIENT AND ECONOMICAL OIL STOVE.

These first real warm days make those housekeepers who can do so think of entering upon a season of light housekeeping. Fires are allowed to go out in the range or stove, and a gas, gasoline, or oil stove will take its place, much to the comfort of the whole

Some housekeepers, as soon as the Spring clearing is out of the way, take this senson of light coolery to dispense with a servant, for it is generally found to be inexpedient to teach the average "girl" how to use these labor-saving conveniences to any advantage.

One would imagine they would like to get rid

One would imagine they would like to get rid of the old way of making fires, cleaning up ashes and serving so many dishes, and the heat. But experience shows they do not like "new-fangled" ways that cost a little thought in their management.

A family of six people can very well supply all its table needs by using either the a bove stoves with intelligence. A nest of tin boilers five or six high is a great convenience for potatoes and other vegetables, as all can be cooked at once on one hole of this smaller stove, with a pudding in the top one.

A lady who lives just outside of the region

a lady who lives just outside of the region of gas finds a double barner oil stove just as convenient as once she did a gas stove when

convenient as once she did a gas stove when she lived in the city.

The first thing is to place it outside of draits, it is always filled full every morning, and the wicks rubbed off evenly before lighting, and the stove top cleaned of every drop of oil from the outside. When that is done

the burners, which being so thin does not prevent the heat from cooking, but does save a lot of work which otherwise would be necessary to keep kettles and stucepans clean. These if at all crocken should be rubbed until free from smut with old newspapers.

These last should to put in the fir These ias: should be put in the fire, but of the kit-h-n stove at once, and a match ap-plied to them. Thus attended to, an oil stove may be kept as shean as any other Shove with but very little trouble. Another thing. Use only the best oil or the best fluids if you are obliged to use either an oil

Jack Mundane-"We are getting up a series of dances, Miss Goodform, and I want to know if you wen't join?" Miss Goodform-"But you know I'm in half mourning. How can I?" Juck Mundane—"Ob, that's too bad. But surely you can go to half of them,"— Brooklyn Life.

The Stolen Diamonds.

(Continued from yesterday.) CHAPTER IL.

Mrs. Harrington's fine eyes had neve looked more brilliant and more malicious than when they rested on the pale but composed countenance of the tutor, as he quietly entered the saloon, leading Freddy by the

Mr. Cunningham," she said, speaking very courteously, though there was a ring of covert triumph in her clear tones that warned Raish that she meant mischief. "But a cir-cumstance has occurred which renders it im-perative that I should speak collectively to

very member of this household."
Raiph bowed, but made no reply, though

every member of this household."

Raiph bowed, but made no reply, though he could not repress the slightly sarcastic smile which played upon his lips as he noted the judical formality of her manner.

"This morning, indeed not more than an hour ago. I found that, probably during the night, I had been robbed of a very valuable diamond neckiace. My maid, Morris, and I at once made a careful examination of the room where, as most of you know, I am in the habit of keeping my jewels. We found, much to our surprise, that the room had been entered from the outside; the window was securely boiled, and there were no signs whatever of any evil-minded person having affected an entrance in that way. I am, therefore, forced to accept the other explanation of this extraordinary affair, namely, that my room was visited by some one from inside. Of course it is just possible that the thief may have gained admittance to the house from some other part of the premises and found his or her way to my spartments. You, Walkers, will be better able to speak with authority on this point than I am. Will you tell us if you found any door or window open this morning?"

The old butler, who had served his mistress

The old butler, who had served his mistress The old butler, who had served his mistress faithfully ever since her arrival at the hall as a bride, twelve years ago, at once declared that he could solemnly swear that no signs of burglary had been visible when he went his rounds early that morning. A look of genuine concern was on his honest countenance as he met Mrs. Harrington's eye, and certainly the most suspicious woman on earth would have instantly acquitted him of having had anything to do with the disappearance of the necklace.

"Has anything else been missed? Is all the plate intact?" queried Mrs. Harrington.
"There is nothing missing, ma'am. If you will examine the strong room."
"I am quite ready to take your word," interrupted his mistress with a smile that strove to be kindly.

be kindly.
"My daughter tells me that she also has lest nothing," she continued.

"Mr. Cunningham, can you say the same?"
Her cold, bright gray eyes were suddenly

Aunt Emily's Idea

Girls, like flowers and other growing things, are divided up into distinct species, and are known by types. There is the pretty girl, who is apt to be speiled for anything but the society division of the world from the start. The school-girl, the homekeeping girl, the clever girl, the ambitious and the nineteenth century girl and the Summer girl. I like them all always, from the time they appear on the scene, red as a rose-leaf and just as sweet, to the time they enter their teens to find their wings and then sail away into life

as fully developed women.

Girls are universally interesting, and are worth one's best thought as to rearing them. If bows are the hope of a family name, girls are no less important as a present responsibility and the future makers of homes or something else in this world. Since it is no longer the fashion to set down or up homemaking and the rearing of a family as the only thing a girl is likely to come to, parents have to take a wider outlook for them. Not long since I told you, my beleved, to do as much for your boys as you do for your girls, and now I am going to say, reverse that rule. Do as much for your girls as you do for your boys to give them opportunity to develop the gifts they, were born with as to getting an education. College doors are open. Therefore, do not let prejudice keep your girl out, if she is capable and anxious to go in. as fully developed women.

Recent events not necessary to detail conclusively prove that on the side of morals necent events not necessary to deall conclusively prove that on the side of morals men and women are to be judged alike in the near future. The education to bring that standard about will consist in at home so instructing your boys as to respect all women, whether of their class or another, and your girls to respect themselves, and to require of men as much as they give—when it comes to exchanging hearts and hands. This should be one of the duties which parents should regard as imperative, they should not leave these vital, delicate questions to the Sunday school teachers, the high school instructor or to chance, Chance never yet brought up a boy or girl in first-class shape! If nobody looked after them, and they turned out well, it was in spite of "Chance," and because of innate nobility united to an ability to develop without outside aid.

The school girl—how engaging she is!

The school girl-how engaging she is! We all know her and admire her traits of mingled innocence and expanding intel-ligence. We begin to see what she may be-come if she keeps on growing mentally as she develops physically in beauty from day to day, Generally parents are much more concerned to make their children into what concerned to make their children into what they want them to be than they are to develop their natural capacities. It is worth while to study your daughter's disposition and tastes, to see what to make of her, quite so much as it is to find out what Bob or George or Frank

One cannot general succeed in making a school teacher—for life at least—of the girl who has an instinctive leaning towards house-keeping and domestic life. The most of the girls one meets are built on this last plan. It is only now and then that one's daughter pre-fers to write stories, to paint pictures or to study medleine, or even to take up a business of some sort more than she cares for day dreaming, building castles in the air, in which she and her "ideal" are to live some-

time together.

This transition comes along of itself when This transition comes along of itself when the average girl gets about through her teens and has left school to assume the pleasures and privileges of young ladyhood. Many an anxious mother at the beginning of this period in her young girl's life has thought her darling about to go into "a decline," because at this approach of the sentimental age she "drooped round" and did not seem "to take an interest in anything," Both fathers and mothers seem to forget how it was with themselves at the same age. Get out your old ambrotypes and see how you looked twenty

themselves at the same age. Get out your old ambrotypes and see how you looked twenty years ago. Only a few of the more thought-ful mothers regard this period as an opportunity to be wisely improved.

These see that their girl's company is well selected, and, without seeming to, size up all the young people of the other sex who are callers, making those they do not approve of feel so "uncomfortable" that they soon leave the field to those who are approved. They never laugh at their daugnter's building sentimentility, but try to train it so as to make it embelish her life, and not be the cause of her downfall, either in or out of marriage. It is true sentiment about the common relations of oil from the outside. When that is done the double-top plate is put on, as if she wants to have anything the oven is put over, and the tea section top of that. She bakes muttes and trains clops and fries pointoes all at one there in the oven, and by the time the kettle is boiled and coffee made breakfast is ready.

Now simple as that is, there is not one Now simple as that is, there is not one the company of the right kind the better! A course joke or injudicious tearing about this time acts like a black frost, and a girl's frankness and ingenuousness, even her confidence, Now simple as that is, there is not one "giri" in twenty would have the "gumption" to get such a breakfast in that way. This same little woman keeps all her cooking utensis clean by a very simple device which is not patented. She always keeps a nie tin over the burners, which being so thin does not provent the hear from cooking has been continued by the "smart" at her expression of the right kind the better! A course joke or injudicious tenzing about this time acts like a biack frost, and a girl's frankness and delights us with the way she bomes out, just as we would have her to be. Oh, I tell you there is lots of comfort as well as anxiety on being the mother of girls in their beans, have been chilled by people, who loved her more than lite, but who did not know enough to know when not to be "smart" at her expression. She just astonishes and delights us with the way she bomes out, just as we would have her to be. Oh, I tell you there is lots of comfort as well as anxiety on being the mother of girls in their beans, have been chilled by people, who loved her more than lite, but who did not know enough to know when not to be "smart" at her expression. She just as we would have her to be. Oh, I tell you there is lots of comfort as well as anxiety on being the mother of girls in their beautiful the more than lite, but who did not know enough to know when not to be "smart" at her expression. She just as we would have her to be. Oh, I tell you there is lots of comfort as well as anxiety on being the mother of girls in their beautiful the mother of girls in their beautiful the mother of girls in their beautiful the mother of girls in the mother of girls in their beautiful the mother of girls in their beautiful the mother of girls in the mother of girls in their beautiful the mother of girls in the mother of girls in their beautiful the mother of girls in the mother of girls in the mother of girls in th

these inciplent feelings of a fine or gentle natured child, who is often puzzied at her own new emotions. Hight here the good mothers, who have retained the confidence of their young people of both sexes, can get in many a helpful word, and keep either from doing rideulous things or falling into some of the errors of youth and incomes.

errors of youth and innocence,

Many a girl makes a bad match because she Many a girl makes a bad match because she has no wise friend to confide in at a time when she needs a judicious confident, most and is alraid to confide in her mother. The best confident a girl can have is her own mother, and anything she cannot tell her all about is not the thing for a young girl to encourage by so much as a smile or a look of approval.

There is a good deal being said about the nineteenth century girl as though she were a new kind of being which her mother, much less her grandmother, never dreamed of. And

"I have lost nothing," he answered quietly

"Then it seems that the thief was contented ith my necklace for spoil." Here the servants looked at each other with dismay; it was clear to the meanest under-standing that Mrs. Harrington suspected that some inmate of the hall was the thief. There was a low buzz of whispers as their mistress censed speaking; the cook and butter exchanged a few words, and then the latter

spoke out, "We are all agreed, ma'am, that the fairest "We are all agreed, ma'am, that the lairest thing to everybody would be that our boxes should be examined. No one has left the house this morning. If, as I fear you think, the thief is here present—"

"I think nothing of the sort, Walters; I have only mentioned the case, which I cer-

admittance to my apartment by the door an not by the window, At any rate, I intend to place the affair in the hands of a person more competent to decide on the matter than myself. Directly I male the discovery that that I had been robbed I dispatched my maid to the station to telegraph to Leatherhampton for the description of reduce when I agreeded. for the inspector of police, who, I expect will arrive in less than half an hour. In the meantime I desire that you will all remain in the saloon."

The servants again exchanged glances or onsternation. Such an unprecedented occur-rence as this would furnish food for gossip in the servants' hall for many a year to come. Even the presence of their mistress and the uncomfortable chill that had suddenly fallen uncomfortable chill that had suddenly lation on the assemblage did not silence the hum of whispered talk among the men servants and maid servants, who waited with what pa-tience they could command for the next act in this tragedy-comedy of the mysterious

burgiary.

The half hour expired at last, Mr. Cun studiously silent, and made Frency, who had only half understood the scene, still clung to the tutor's band with an expression of min-gled wonder and terror in his big brown eyes, Mrs. Harrington had seated herself in one of the deep easy chairs scattered about the sa-loon, and made a pretense of glancing down the columns of a newspaper. Her for you the columns of a newspaper. Her face was pale and her lips firmly set, but the hand which held the newspaper shook slightly, thus betraying the emotions she strove so hard to

Onceal.

The arrival of the inspector of police was a relief to every one. Mrs. Harrington was a relief to every one. Mrs. Harrington briefly explained to him what had occurred, and her reasons for supposing that the theft of the necklace had been been accomplished by an inmate of the hali.

"Such a suspicion is of course very painful "Such a suspicion is of course very painful to me," she continued, "but under the cir-cumstances, Mr. Inspector, though I deeply regret the necessity, I think it better for the satisfaction of all concerned that I should ac-cept the offer made by my servants and re-quest you to search their boxes. You. Mr. Cunningham," she added suddenly, address-ing herself to Raiph, "will, just for form's sake, undergo the same unpleasant ordeal."

that is a pretty nearly true statement. So many opportunities for education and for careers have opened up for the girls of this day which their grandma's, busy with spinning and weaving, or making of garments, had no time to even think about, much less crave. With one's own mother it was a little different, for while domestic duties had not changed, the manner of performing them had, and they had more leisure, and by this time women began to seek for wider opportunities and ask for a better chance for an education. The nineteenth century girl has merely come into her inheritance.

She is as interesting as she is novel, for no change can ever make her anything but a girl. She ought to be a finer and higher type than any of the girls who came and went their way before she was born. Happily that is the way of the world. She is independent, knows a little of a good many things, and a good deal of some things. She has been intelligent enough to appreciate the opportunities. She has been through the high school and graduated with honors. She has taught school, sent herself to the college and university and graduated. She has chosen a profession or a business and set up for herself, and gone into the full swing of a successful career. Or she has switched off, "sidetracked" her career for the present, and gone into the full swing of a successful career. Or she has switched off, "sidetracked" her career for the present, and gone into the walking and the gymnasium have given her. She will be a better mother for that. She need never drown if knowledge of how to swim can save her, even if her matrimonial ventures should prove "a failure," for she has a contraction." now to swim can save her, even if her matrimonfal ventures should prove "a failure," for she has a profession and can, if need be, take care of herself.

There is some comfort in that thought to her friends, and it gives her a dignified confidence in the future that is refreshing.

The nineteenth century girl is found in so-ciety as well as among the people. There the society writer heads her up as the "fin do sicele" girl, the "girl of the period," and she cuts a dash, leads a fad, or joins a club more or less swell. But everywhere she is fresh, interesting, and more or iess taking. She is the product of the evolution of the old-fashioned girl.

girl.
Whatever her hand finds to do she does with a vim. She is good around the house and gives the dainty touches which make home look home-like. She makes after de-signing her awn dresses whenever she wants to either "lend a hand" or carry out her own ideas of how to save on one thing to spend on another. She is nobody's fool, and she en-joys herself immensely!

Our girls of to-day are the best kind of girls the world has yet produced. But they are not the last novel on the development of girls. Other centuries will bestow something on this half of creation.

In a few weeks the Summer girl will be with us in all her glory, and with some things not to her glory, for there are two kinds of Summer girls. One is bold and aggressive, "chie," loud, if not rapid; the other just as "chie," but modest and self-contained.

When the mocking birds sing in my trees I know that Summer is at my doors, and when Summer girl appears in all her radiant Spring attire I know the excursion season is upon us.

The Summer girl whose pa has a big bank account goes to the seaside, the mountain, and resort to air her flacery and to show herself in all her goodness or her badness of behavior. But there are other radiant Summer girls who stay at home all the season behavior. But there are other radiant Summer girls who stay at home all the season through, and make home cheery by their presence, keep our streets from becoming desolate, and contribute by their presence to make the excursion season an ever-seeming delight. Without their presence an excursion would only be an "outing" for elderly people and an "airing" for the babies. Just imagine what a hollow mockery a midnight sail on the Potomae would be without a Summer girl on board! No pienie could "go" without them,

Sometimes she goes along with her young man, unattended by her mother or any chapsrone. Well, if she is not too young and giddy to be trusted alone there is no reason why she shouldn't, especially if she is "engaged" and knows how to carry herself properly. Very young girls in their first teens should never be permitted to go alone simply with an escort on an excursion. There may presumably be one wolf in every promiscuous assembly wear. one wolf in every promiscuous assembly wear-ing the guise of a lamb. Married ladies with daughters of their own are always ready and willing to take a little outing with other peo-ple's daughters added to their party. A mother gave me this sentiment for her contribution to my study for our girls. Said

she:
"We mothers talk and talk and sometimes
"We mothers talk and talk and sometimes wonder if what we are so anxiously saying is heeded, when one day our indifferent and apparently dumb girl turns over a new leaf when we have about given up all hope of making an impression. She just astenishes

The crying of sick children is, according to a medical paper, of distinct value in reaching cry is moderate, peevish, and muffled, as if the door were shut between child and hearer. The cry of croup is hoarse, brassy, and me-tallic, with a crowing inspiration. That of cerebral disease, particularly hydrocephalus is short, sharp, shrill, and solitary.—Phila delphia Record.

Not an Artist At All.

Congressman-"Yes, sir; we want the design to be in the highest style of art; but it must be moral, too-no studies from the nude, remember. Every figure must be clothed." Artist—"H'm! Here is the card of a gentleman who can suit you."
gressman—"Eh! Is this man an a
Artist—"No; he's a tailor."—Puck.

was disturbed; the color rushed to his facwas disturbed; the color rushed to his face, and he was about to make some protest against the indignity when a warning glance from Gladys checked him. "Most certainly." he said; "when Mr. Inspector has searched the servant's rooms he is quite at liberty to ransack mine. I will remain here with Miss Harrington and the servants while the exam-

marington and the sevants while the examining is in progress," he said.

Mis. Harrington and the inspector left the saloon, and again the hum of whispered conversation was audible. Gladys, with a queer smile on her beautiful lips, sank into the chair her stepmother had quitted and turned her attention to the newspaper which had served that lady as a pretext for silence during the purgatorial half hour that had followed on her

dialph sented filmself at some distance from Gladys, and Freddy nestled at his side with a look of puzzled anxiety on his childish face. Once Gladys looked across to the tutor; the look said plainly: "This ordeal must be borne for my sake. I love you, and trust you; cannot you trust me?"

Ralph smiled an affirmative, and let his thoughts drift into a pleasanter shought said thus.

Raiph smiled an affirmative, and let his thoughts drift into a pleasanter channel than that of Mrs. Harrington's enmity, her plot to ruin him, and the strange upshot thereof.

An hour passed; the whispers of the servants were bushed; their curiosity was on tiptoe, for in the silence that had suddenly fallen on the saloon they caught the distant sound of the inspector's deep bass voice and the rustle of Mrs. Harrington's silk dress descending the stairs. The search was over; what had been the result.

In another moment the lady and the inspector advanced to the table in the center of the saloon. Mrs. Harrington's eyes flashed full on Raiph's face, and for the moment the mask of courtesy she had hitherto worn in his presence was lifted, and hatred, rage, and baffled malice looked out at him from under her level brows.

"Have you found your necklace, Madan?" said the tutor.
"I have not; the thief has probably hidden it too well," was her biting reply.

"I have not; the thier has probably hidden it too well," was her biting reply.

"On his or her person, perhaps," suggested Raiph ironically. "Allow me to set an example, which no doubt others will be glad to follow. If you, Mr. Inspector, will come up to my room, I will gladly submit to a personal search." Mrs. Harrington was shamed at last. Ther

nable plot she had concocted, and he meant her to know that he had done so. "I cannot allow such an indignity to be put upon my son's tutor," she said, dropping her

eyes.
"Mr. Inspector, you are witness that I have offered to submit to a personal search; Mrs. Harrington declines to avail herself of my

offer."

The inspector, understanding that there was more in the affair than met the eye, bowed respectfully to the tutor, and then asked Mrs. Harrington if she desired him to prosecute any further inquiries.

"Certainly," she answered defiantly. "I

Going to Use A Gas Range

This Summer? Then you want to buy a good one, for the poorer are worth-less. We don't sell them to make a profit, but rather that you may get the best, and have it set up properly for we do that free.

2-burner Ranges, \$13,

3-burner Ranges, \$22

Wash. Gaslight Co., 413 10th St. N. W.

Spring Suits and How to Make Them

Among the most attractive of the Spring mits are the serge dresses with skirt and plazer. They are made to wear with shirt walst or walst coat, and are in every way practical, becoming, and sensible. The bell skirt, made after the usual pattern, may be entirely without trimming or finished with braid or a fold of the material. Many of the skirts are without lining, others are lined with slik or cambric, and all of them have some firm material at the hem to give the skirt the necessary stiffness to conform to fashion requirements. While the skirts of some of the waists and blazers are quite long, others are very short, some of them little more than a finger in depth. These are very full around the waist, and in some cases there is a double ruffle. This is somewhat becoming to medium figures, but only the tall and slender should indulge it to any great

Sleeves are even larger at the tops than heretofore, but are flattened down on the

Sleeves are even larger at the tops than heretofore, but are flattened down on the shoulders and project to a width almost equal to the widest parts of the skirts. Turned-over collars, very wide pointed revers, vests, chemisettes and double-breasted fronts are characteristics of some of the best models.

A blazer that is at once conservative, stylish and becoming has skirt not over ten inches below the waist line, very full-topped sleeves, a turned-back collar with wide lapels curving around the sleeves in front, and is worn with a waisteoat buttoned closely up to the chin. Some of the serge suits are made up with moire, satin, or bengaline. Moire sleeves are seen in some models, others have merely the collars, lapels, cuffs, and wide pocket lids of this material.

A much-admired suit has the basque skirts made of a succession of flaps resembling pocket lids. These are curved so as to fit smeathly around the waist. One model has a ten-inch section of the serge, a satin section about an inch smaller all around, then another section of the serge with about the same relatively smaller size. There are two front and two back groups of these pocket lid skirts. The revers are double and similarly arranged, and a satin collar turns back over the whole.

arranged, and a satin collar turns back over

PARTICULARLY FOR WOMEN.

Wrinkles, and how to avoid them, was theme at a women's meeting the other day. There was a grandmother there whose only outward sign of the position lay in dignity, not in face lines. There was also a society woman, who had kept a smooth brow in spite of receptions and dinners, and a "business woman whose skin was delightfully un-wrinkled." The grandmother claimed that the ivory state of her complexion was due to the simple rule that she never washed her face in cold water.

in cold water.

The society woman said: "Be calm, be

and does not fray.

Thirty or forty years ago every house-keeper of the well-to-do class had a storeroom, in which were kept well-polished barroom, in which were kept well-polished barrels of different sugars, chests of tea, a bag
of coffee and other supplies in similar quantities. This room was kept locked and the
mistress served out the supplies as they were
needed. Modern housekeepers find that this
plan, though seemingly economical, is really
extravagant. A pound of coffee ground fresh
at the store for her order she discovers lasts
so many days, and the cook becomes aware
of the same truth. So with the four-pound
roll of butter, the 25 cents worth of eggs.
Without effort the system creates itself, and
small wastes and leakages are done away
with.

have had a valuable article of jewelry stoler from me under most extraordinary circum-stances. I wish no pains or expense spared and I offer a reward of £100 for any informa-

tion that shall lead to the discovery and ap-prehension of the thicf."

The inspector pulled out his pocketbook and instantly made a note of this; then, turn-

and instantly made a note of this; then, turning to Mrs. Harrington, asked whether he had her permission to interrogate each member of the household in private.

"Most certainly: I give you carte blanche in the matter," the lady replied. "But as the unfortunate affair has somewhat upset my nerves, I shall now retire to my own room. I leave the future conduct of the case to you leave the future conduct of the case to vo

leave the future conduct of the case to you with the greatest confidence."

With this gracious speech Mrs, Harrington left the saloon and remained invisible until dinner time. The intervening hours were spent by the inspector in cross-examining the servants, in a minute investigation of the premises, and in making copious notes in regard to every item of evidence he clicited. About 6 o'clock the worthy official took his departure, and every man, woman, and child at Harrington Hall breathed more freely when relieved from the overwhelming majesty of relieved from the overwhelming majesty of the law, individualized in that awe-inspiring

be law, maintudanced in the acceptance of the law manage.

When Mrs. Harrington rang her hell to summon the faithful Morris to assist her at her evening toilet that valued factorum appeared in tears and with an open telegram in her hand. She had just received the distressing information that her father, a respectable publican, residing at Holloway, lay dangerously ill. Would her kind mistress allow her to go up to London by the last train? She, Morris, would break her heart if "anything happened" to her dear old father, and she, his only daughter, was not there to receive his dving blesslag.

dying blessing.
"Of course you may go. I am very sorry
to hear of this trouble. When is the next
train?" said Mrs. Harrington, sympatheti-

train?" said Mrs. Harrington, sympathetically.

"There is one at 7, ma'am."

"There go by that. You have half an hour to get to the station."

"But who is to dress you for dinner, ma'am?"

"Send Jane to me. She will be able to do all I want."

With profuse thanks and tears Morris left her mistress, packed a small bag of necessaries, and was driven off to the station by a sympathizing groom, who had long cherished an admiring regard for the comely abigall, and was believed to entertain matrimonial intentions on her behalf.

Dinner that night was a disagreeable ordeal alike to Mrs. Harrington, Giadys, and Raiph. The first was slightly sulky and ashamed, the second covertly indignant, and the third, though outwardly self-possessed, was bitterly acgrieved at the humiliating position in which Mrs. Harrington's treachery had placed him.

When dinner was over Gladys pleaded a headache as an excuse for going straight to her own room, and Raiph strolled out into the garden to smoke a cigar, a sedative which he sorely needed; but he was not fated to enjoy his "weed" in peace, for he had scarcely es-

Mrs. Williams' Wild, Weird Story

I see, says a correspondent, that Mrs. Williams is dead, poor Mrs. Williams, the wife of Grant's Attorney General. The press dispatches brought us only a few lines about it all; but I wonder whether hundreds of us here in Washington did not recall the wonderful, weird career of this wonderful, weird woman. I remember to have heard Gen. Belknap say I remember to have heard Gen. Belknap say that he saw, standing in the window of a house in Keokuk, a beautiful girl, fair and pink, singing beautifully; and it must have been about that time, for she was only 15, that she ran away with a man of twice her years and married him, and before she was 16 she had a baby boy. And before long she was divorced from the man, and one George H. Williams, a promising young lawyer or a judge of Iowa, secured or granted the divorce.

Mrs. Williams (I will call her that) disappeared somehow not long after, but turned up again in Idaho, married again, and divorced again before long. I think she met vorced again before long. I think she met Judge Williams there; certainly they became the most intimate kind of friends in Portland, Oregon, soon after. Judge Williams had come to the Senate, and Mrs. Williams (for I am calling her that, you know) used to say that she would marry him; and she did. The judge, during his Senatorial term, used to live in a fairly pretentious boarding house in I street, opposite Franklin park, and in I street, opposite Franklin park, and there of Sunday evenings he would sing psalms with the lackadalsical young women who inhabited the place and read from the Bible to them.

With his advent in the Cabinet, however, a change came over the spirit of his dreams. He was married then, and to Mrs. Williams, the most brilliant and beautiful woman of her time, twice divorced, but possessing the spirit and beauty which characterized her when General Belknap heard her sing, which played havoc, doubtless, with the hearts of others—and doubtless caused her all her trouble. The Williams house in Rhode Island avenue, the one where Justice Horace Gray used to live which they are tearing down avenue, the one where Justice Horace Gray used to live, which they are tearing down now to make room for the new St. Matthew's Church (and hardly another house in those early days stood within a dezen stones' throw) this was the center of society and beauty of the Grant administration. Mrs. Williams had her enemies. They talked bitterly about her. But she held her own against them all, more and more sought after apparently, more and more beautiful and spirited. Of all the arms and necks of all the ladies in Washington at that time the neck and arms of Mrs. Williams were said to be the most sweetly pink and shapely; and it was said that the wife of the Attorney General was the only women whom Mrs. Grant was ever jealous of. whom Mrs. Grant was ever jealous of

But before long the downfall began to come, I don't know why; perhaps the gossip began to cause it, perhaps it was the question of the landaulet, an innocent thing, but one capable landaulet, an innocent thing, but one capable of causing almost infinite trouble, especially if handled by the old, virulent New York Herald and a united opposition press. But Grant was faithful to his friends, faithful to the bitterest verge. He nominated Williams for chief justice. The judge was never confirmed—never mind about the details; I should have to ask George Gorham about them, any way. The spirit of Mrs. Williams was broken. She seeluded herself, went to Europe and mastered French and German in two years (she always mastered everything Europe and mastered French and German in two years (she always mastered everything and everybody), and the judge lived here for a couple of years, trying to sell his house, and attending to a fairly growing law prac-tice. But he went back to Portland later, and there built up, and still enjoys, perhaps, the largest practice on the coast north of San Francisco, a deserved thing, as he is admit-tedly one of the ablest lawyers in all that country.

The society woman said: "Be calm, be calm, and evermore be caim," but most women would prefer to indulge in the inxury of a semi-oceasional emotion, even at the expense of a line on their foreheads. The business woman stated with business-like directness that once every day, usually just before retiring, she sat five minutes in a dark room, her eyes closed, her hands folded in her lap, her leet resting upon a stool, and her minit resolutely kept from every vestige of thought. When she has the opportunity she indulges in this resting process oftener.

For making capes and jackets some of the first houses are using cloth, the outer side of which may be black, brown, stone color or grav, and the under some bright tint, such as fachsia, ruby, deep ripe maize, term cotta, apricot, sage or moss green. This double-faced cloth is particularly well adapted to coats and jackets suitable to Spring and Fall, as it avoids the necessity of a lining, which must to some extent increase the bulk. A full flgure closely incased in a double-faced cloth is particularly well adapted to coat is seen to special advantage. The edge of the cioth is left raw. It is closely woven and does not fray.

Men cannot consistently deride women for

istently deride women for The baby boy of the first marriage wasting so much cloth in making their be a man, or to resemble a man in outward appearance. He fell in with a gang of thieves once and stole a watch, but he came to Wash once and stole a watch, but he came to Washington after his mother was the wife of the
Attorney General—I have heard Daniels, of
the Record and Pension Division, tell about
it—and said he was going to be different and
a good man, and Judge Williams secured his
appointment to a place here. But before long
he fell in with an actress in Baltimore and
robbed her of her diamonds—it wasn't an advertising dodge in those days, either—and
had to flee. Doubtless the poor fellow is dead
now.

The woman who has just fasted herself to death in Portland was a woman of an exceedingly kind heart. In the first term of the Grant regime there was a heavy defalcation in the Treasury. An employe was incar-cerated two years in jail. The wife of this man went to the Attorney General's wife to

tablished himself in his favorite nook in the tablished himself in his favorite nook in the shrubbery when he caught sight of a white gown through the trees, and in another moment Giadys, looking pale, scared, and agitated, scated herself at his side.

"What has alarmed you, darling?" he said, flinging away his unthished eigar and encircing her with his arm. The poor girl was breathly and palpitating, and her eyes were discate with alarm.

"Oh, Ralph," she panted, "that horrid necklace!" "Has it been found?" queried Balph, Ralph," she panted, "that horrid

sharply.
"No; it is gone—really and truly gone, this morn-I remembered how she valued it; it was one I remembered how she values it; it was one of my father's wedding presents to her, and is worth two or three thousand pounds, I believe, so I hid it away in my dressing case, as I told you I would. But just now, when I went to look if it was safe. I found that it was gone."
"You locked your dressing case, of course,

"You locked your dressing case, of course, Has the lock been tampered with?"
"I think not; but you know how careless I am about keys and things. When I changed my frock at luncheon time I probably left the keys in the pocket. At any rate the necklace has been taken from my dressing case by some one. Oh, Ealph, it seems as if my step-mother is to be punished for her cruelty to you! Just think what a wicked thing—to go to her room and hide her miserable diamonds in your portmanteau, and then to get up that wretched comedy in the saloon, hoping to disgrace you before the servants and every one, because she was determined to—to part

"But, dearest, this is not a time to pender Mrs. Harrington's misslesds. The question is, who has taken the diamonds, and how are we to recover them?"
"Perhaps manuma has taken them herself.
She would be quite capable of purioining my

She would be quite capable of purioining my keys and—"
"Hush, hush, Gladys; don't be hard on her."
"You may forgive her, but I never can!"
cried the girl, passionately. "Just think what your position would have been had you not found that tassel of bends!"
"You would have believed me innocent, Gladys?"
"I? Oh, Balph, darling, of course I would!
I would stake my life on your honor and

I would stake my life on your honor and truth. But think of the cold, stealthy treachery of a woman who could creep into your room and deliberately plan a thing so wicked and so mean."
"My dear girl, do try to be calm. That necklace must be found. Do you think any one could have overheard our conversation

one could have overheard our conversation this morning?"
"It is impossible; we were sitting on this very bench," says Gladys, looking around at the shrubs growing thickly on three sides of the seat, which was placed in a sort of alcove of closely cut laurels and yews, "A path leading to the stables runs just at the back. Could any of the sorvants—But no: I don't believe any of them capable of theft."

Little List of One Day

We pick these hap-hazard from the stock. The store is fairly teeming with hundreds of other equally good bargains.

MILLINERY. 83 All-wool Cloth Capes. \$1.98 87 All-wool Cloth Capes, 2 rows of lace inserting. \$2.98 serting. \$2.98 All 84, \$5, and \$6 Jackets, to close \$2.98 All 84, \$5, and \$6 Jackets, to close \$2.98 Se Children's Straw Sallors. Se Untrimmed Straw Hata. \$1.25 and \$1.37 Untrimmed Hats. \$5 Trimmed Hats.

FURNISHINGS. 1956c Ladies' Richelleu Ribbed Vests, all to colors.

Se 17c Ladies' Richellen Ribbed Vests, neck
12c and armholes run with tappe.
12c life Children's Corded Caps.
12c Nec Child's Embroidered Gretchen Caps.
12c Se 69c Ladies' Laundered Shirt Waists, pink,
12c lavender, light blue, and tan.
13c 81 Ladies' Shirt Waists, all colors.

KING'S PALACE,

812-814 SEVENTH STREET.

secure a pardon. Mrs. Williams grew very much interested, and it was through her intercession that the man was pardoned out before his time expired.

Mrs. Williams had a dressmaker sewing in the house once. She noticed that the woman cried when she thought she was not observed. This impetuous, warm-hearted woman went up, put her arms around her neck, and laid her head on her breast and told her to cry her cry out, and said:

"You may tell me what troubles you."

It was the old story, worthless, drunken husband, unpaid rent, clamorous necessities. The dressmaker's wants were soon all supplied.

WRAPS.

NOTIONS.

5c card Hooks and Eyes.

1214c Taffeta Ribbon
the box of Spool Silk
ke paper of Plus
0, 12, 15c Cambrie.
5c Curling Iron

BLEACHED BY ELECTRICITY.

An Ingenious Method of Turning Out Blondes by Wholesale. [From the Electrical Review.] An enterprising individual, this time a dyer of human hair, has projected the following method: advices, however, do not state that he has been entirely successful. The process is ingenious, and for this reason alone it is worthy of mention. The subject, who is generally of the weaker, and, shall we add vainer sex, seats herself in the operating chair, which is somewhat similar to a dentist's chair, and rests the back of her neck on a metal plate which is the negative terminal of a rather strong battery, the current from which is sufficient to exert a moderate decomposing action, or solutions of salts constraints.

sufficient to exert a moderate decomposing action on solutions of saits, containing a bleaching agent such as chlorine.

The waving tresses are allowed to fall back of the chair and are dampened with a solution of what the inventor terms his secret. A brush composed of metallic bristles, which have been glided or platinized, and which are electrically connected to the source or current, thus forming the positive pole of the battery, is slowly and steadily drawn through the hair. A slight decomposition of the sait held in solution takes place, the bleaching agent is liberated; and the coloring matter in the hair is lightened.

The discoverer declares that the color given

the hair is lightened.

The discoverer declares that the color given to the darkest hair may be varied at pleasure and may also be carefully regulated; furthermore, he states that the color does not resemble that of ordinary "bleached" hair, but is more natural and in every way able to deceive the most expert it such matter. While the idea is one which is attractive from an experimental standpoint, the object attained, if his statements are true, is one which should be pushed into obscurity by a minimum be pushed into obscurity by a minimum

be pushed into obscurity by a minimum amount of praise.

Still another beautifying (7) effect of the current is obtained by this inventor, who seems too fertile in suen vanity promoting ideas. Advertises to make ladies' lips resemble coral in their dazzing redness, and to tempt the silly fluttering butterfiles of fashion into his entangling web he bursts into this spasm of alleged poetry:

"With coral lips and teeth of pearl.

"With coral lips and teeth of pearl, Oh, could you find a sweeter girl?" Oh, could you find a sweeter gir!!"

To give greater emphasis to this miasma of his mind he puts the effusion between quotation marks. His process, to keep pace with the age is, of course, an electric one, and he produces an unhealthy reddening of the lips by forcing an inflammation by means of a so-called Faradic current.

There is pretty good evidence that his showy organiting rooms are well exceeded by

brains at their aposal emerge from this gilded den feeling their fevered lips with their tongues and trying to smile while "they are paying too dear for their whistle."

House Proceedings. duil yesterday. The only feature was the announcement of Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, that he proposed in the future to retaliate upon the Democrats for blocking fusion legislation at the Friday night sessions by refusing all requests in the House for the passage of bills by unanimous consent. As all the members have a greater or less number of small bills to pass in this way, Mr. Hepburn's announcement caused quite a flurry. About an hour was spent in the further consideration of the diplomatic and consular bill, and after 2 o'clock, by special order, the day was devoted

"I think we shall be forced to assume such "I think we shall be forced to assume such a possibility," said Ralph, gravely. "The first thing to find out is if anyone has left the hall during the afternoon or evening. I scarcely think that a thief would attempt to hide the jewels in the bouse after this morning's affair.

"No one has left, I am sure, except Morris, warned; would."

"No one has left, I am sure, except Morris, manma's maid,"
"Hum! Do you know why she left?"
"She had a telegram from home summon-ing her to her father's siek bed,"
"Do you know anything of Morris' antece-

dents?"
"Oh, Ralph, surely—surely you don't suspect her! Why, she has been years at the hall, and my stepmother has the greatest confidence in her."
"Didn't Mrs. Harrington say this morning

that Morris was the messenger she dispatched to the station to telegraph to Leatherhampton

"Tes; but"

"Then, my dear Gladys, I think we have a clue, but for the present we must keep our suspicions to ourselves and wait the course of events. Meanwhile I shall do a little detective work on my own account." During the next two or three days Mr. Inspector paid frequent visits to Harrington Hall, but no further evidence was elicited, and the diamond neckince robbery still remained enveloped in mystery. Ralph's annatear detective work had, however, not been equally barren of result. On the morning following Gladys' discovery of sthe real theft he paid a visit to the station, and learned from the telegraph clerk that Mrs. Harrington's maid had dispatched two telegrams on the previous morning, one to London, the other to Leatherhampton. Ralph tried hard to get a sight of the telegram forms, but the man declared that to allow such a breach of official discipline would be as much as his place was worth.

On his return from the station Ralph con-During the next two or three days Mr.

On his return from the station Ralph con-fided to Gladys the result of his inquiries, and the two conspirators decided to follow up the clue thus obtained, and to place the affair in elue thus obtained, and to place the affair in the hands of Mr. Jonas Lynx, a noted private detective in London. While the country police were leisurely deliberating what steps to take in regard to the Harrington Hall burglary, the experienced Mr. Lynx had discovered the whereabouts of Miss Julia Morris, had satisfied himself that the respectable Mr. Morris, of Holloway, was a purely mythical personage, and that the place where Miss Morris was living was the temporary headquarters of a gang of light-fingered gentry with whom she was closely connected, her brother being a distinguished member of the Fraternity of the Skeleton Keys and Crowbar. He also identified that clever young woman

Fraternity of the Skeieton Keys and Crowbar.

He also identified that elever young woman as one Sarah Brown, who, fifteen years before, had picked oakum in one of her Majesty's jails for a term of twelve months. Three days inter Balph was informed that Miss Brown, alias Morris, had been arrested at Liverpool when about to go on board the screw steamer Hawk. The diamonds, however, were not in her presession, the stones having rockelly. when about the diamonds, however, were not in her possession, the stones having probably unset within a few hours of their appropriation

SHE'D RATHER BE MILLHAND.

Why a Yankee Maiden Dislikes Going Out

to Household Service. "I was expected to get up in time to be downstairs at 5.30 and couldn't get through the dinner dishes before 7.30 or 8 in the even-

the dinner dishes before 7.30 or 8 in the evening, and there really was enough work for two good girls. But it was never getting through, never feeling that I had some time every day that I could count on, some time every day that I could count on, some time for going out that wouldn't be changed for other people's convenience. And then I never could feel at home in the bedrooms given me," quotes the Providence Journal.

"In the good times I carned in the mill from 87 to \$8.50 a week, and I always had a good room, well furnishe!, and with my own knicknacks about, and I wasn't ashamed to ask my girl friends into it, but the two rooms I had when I tried living out I'd have felt disgraced if any of my friends should have seen them—dirty bedelothes, one piece of old carpet besslie the bed or a dirty rug, no bureau in one place, not even a shade at the win dow at the other, and only one chair at either, a common, straight-backed one. I had neither table nor stand, no cover to put on the bureau, and only one small towel a week—something like a dish-wiper, and course and thin enough to shoot straws through.

"What proide or comfort could anybody are."

something like a dish-wiper, and course and thin enough to shoot straws through.

"What pride or comfort could anybody expect a girl to take in such a room as that? Some girls, perhaps, don't mind so much, they take their pleasure in going out, or they don't mind changing from place to place till they get suited. Then in one place they talked to me about my religion. Whatever they'd read in the papers about any Catholic chat made any sert of scandal they'd come to me with it. What would they have thought if I, or anybody, had made them a discourse every time a Protestant went wrong, and made them feel, if I didn't say it out, that his wickedness was the fault of his religion?

"Oh! I know there are nice places, where

the fault of his religion?

"Oh! I know there are niee places, where girls feel happy and at home, and I would rather live out if it was only to satisfy my father and mother at home. They've a poor notion of mill girls and are ashamed the neighbors should know I'm one. There's a great many things very hard to bear in mill work, but my evenings are my own. Saturday afternoon and all of Sunday, and even in the times when the factories are busiest, there are always some holidays. So, as I don't seem to have the courage to go to one strange place after another to find the one I like, perhaps I shall end as I bogan, a mill girl."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Granulated sugar is the purest brand, con-sequently the cheapest. Do not use quite as much as of other kinds, one-half inch less for

Make boiled starch with a weak sonpsuds made of white soap instead of with clear water, and you will have no difficulty with its Silk which has been badly wrinkled may be

smoothed by sponging on the right side with weak gum-arable water and then ironing on the wrong side. Never put your stovepipes away without rubbing them thoroughly with linseed oil or something similar. This will prevent an accu-mulation of dust.

There is pretty good evidence that his showy operating rooms are well crowded by a out for a few minutes in a drizzling rain until "bevy of beauties" at all times of the day, and it is quite amusing to watch the silly well dampened. Then fold and put under a mattress over night. It be wonderfully improved in the morning.

proved in the morning.

A real Italian Lephorn straw may be cleaned with a nalibrush and castile soapsuds. Rusty black hats may be renovated with the liquid dressing or pollsh sold for ladies' shoes.

White or yellow nats may be bleached by washing them in clear water and placing the in a box with burning sulphur, the fumes which uniting with the water form the acid

which bleaches.

By putting handkerchiefs in warm water, a few drops of ammonia and using eastile soap, they are easily washed and made a beautiful they are easily washed and made a beautiful, clear white. Then do not iron, but spread the handkerchief out smoothly on marbie or glass, gently pulling out or shaping the lace. Just before it is entirely dry fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy book or weight of some kind, and you will find you handberchiefs lasting thrice as long

Granulated sugar, the Menday another claip resent day. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, corner Seventh and E.

and sent over to Amsterdam, where they were placed in the right hands for sale. At any rate, Mrs. Harrington's diamond necklass ceased to exist, and that amiable lady thus paid dearly enough for her treachery.

But the consequences of her malicious deed did not end with the loss of the jewels. Not only was she compelled to appear in court and give evidence against her former maid, but she suffered untold agonies of mind lest Morris should divulge the fact that the diamonds had been stolen not from Mrs. but from Miss Harrington's dressing case, and that further revelations might be made. Morris, however, perhaps in the hope of using her knowledge for the purpose of extorting blackmail from her late mistress when her term of penal servitude was over, discreetly held her tongue; and therefore only Mr. Lynx, Gladys and Ealph knew the whole story of the Harrington Hall burglary.

rington Hall burglary.

Many of the details could only be surmised, but it seemed probable that Morris, in passing through the shrubbery on her way to the stables, had overheard the conversation between the lovers, and perceiving that, even if she were found out, how unlikely it was her mistress would venture to prosecute her for the theft, had conceived the daring idea of abstracting the necklase from Miss Harrington's dressing case.

Yet another retribution was in store for the unbappy Mrs. Harrington. Gladys suddenly assumed a violently belileose attitude toward her stepmother, and threatened to tell the true story of the robbery to her guardian, Lord Roseford, a genileman who was universally respected in the county for his almost fastidious ideas of honor.

"You have shown no mercy to me; I will show none to you. Give your formal consent to my marriage with Ralph and I promise to keep your wicked secret. If you refuse I will go straight to Lord Roseford and beg him to find some other home for me than Harrington Hall."

"You undutiful child, how dare you speak to me so?" moaned Mrs. Harrington, qualling rington Hall burglary.

Many of the details could only be surmised,

ind seme other home for me than Harrington Hall."

"You undutiful child, how dare you speak to me so!" moaned Mrs. Harrington, qualiling before the flashing eyes of her step-daughter.

"It is your own fault. If you had not tried to rain the man I love I would have waited three years for him. Now, I mean to marry him in three weeks."

What could the unhappy woman do? Gialys was thoroughly roused; she was quite capable of making an esclandre that would be the talk of Grass-shire for years.

In the end Mrs. Harrington did what most women in her position would have done—gave in; and Giadys kept her word. Three weeks later the following advertisement ap-

weeks later the following advertisement appeared in the first column of the Times: "On the 17th of July, at Harrington, Ralph Cunningham, M. A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon., to Gladys, only daughter of the late Giles Harrington, of Harrington Hall Gressables"

Hall, Grass-shire.

And Mrs. Lamprey said to Mrs. Smalman.

What a dreadful mesalliance; but I always
know what would be the result of Mrs. Harrington's imprudence in throwing that Mr. Cunningham with poor, dear, headstrong Gladys!"—Chambers' Journal.